

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

A Fawcett Publication

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To help us maintain high stand-
ards of wholesome entertainment
in our comic publications, we
have enlisted the aid of the dis-
tinguished individuals whose
names are given above.

PRESIDENT

ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD
HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE
BOY REPORTER, BILLY BATSON. WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE NAME OF THE
ANCIENT WIZARD, SHAZAM, HE BECOMES IN A BLINDING FLASH THE MIGHTY
CAPTAIN MARVEL! THEN WHEN EVIL IS DEFEATED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED
MARVEL REPEATS THE WORD AND CHANGES BACK TO BILLY ONCE MORE! SO AMAZING
IS THE CHANGE THAT MOST PEOPLE NEVER REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

SOLOMON - WISDOM
HERCULES - STRENGTH
ATLAS - STAMINA
JESUS - POWER
ACHILLES - COURAGE
MERCURY -
SPEED



IN THIS ISSUE:

CAPTAIN MARVEL
AND THE ATOMIC WAR!CAPTAIN MARVEL
AND THE BATTLE OF THE
CENTURY! (THE FINAL
CHAPTER OF THE
EXCITING SERIAL!)CAPTAIN MARVEL
AND THE RETURN OF
AUNT MINERVA!

ADDED ATTRACTIONS:

CAPTAIN KID
DOPEY DANNY DEE
TIGHTWAD TAD

EXTRA! ADVENTURE
IN SPACE, INTRODUCING
JON JARL, SPACE
POLICEMAN OF THE
FUTURE IN THE FIRST
OF A NEW SERIES OF
SCIENCE FICTION YARNS!

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Captain **MARVEL** AND THE **ATOMIC WAR!**



ATOMIC WAR / STARK /
DEVASTATING / RUINOUS / WHAT
WOULD IT MEAN TO THE WORLD?
CAPTAIN MARVEL LEARNS
THE DREAD TRUTH AS THE MOST
FEARFUL HOLOCAUST OF ALL
BURSTS FORTH OVER THE
ENTIRE EARTH /



ONE FINE MORNING BILLY BATSON, STAR BOY NEWSCASTER FOR STATION WHIZ, MAKES HIS WAY TO WORK, WITH GLADNESS IN HIS HEART.

WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY, WARM SUNSHINE--SOFT BREEZES--BIRDS SINGING / IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

NOW I KNOW WHY THAT COMPOSER WROTE THE SONG---"OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!" THIS IS IT!

GOOD MORNING, MR. MORRIS / FINE DAY, ISN'T IT?

Studio "C"

SPLENDID, BILLY / SIMPLY SPLENDID!

HELLO, FOLKS! / ISN'T THIS A GORGEOUS DAY? I HAVEN'T MUCH NEWS TO REPORT / NO BIG CRIMES, NO FIRES, NO TRAGEDIES / IT SEEMS AS IF THE WORLD HAS REACHED A NICE PEACEFUL STATE OF HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY!~

YES, IT'S A WONDERFUL DAY AND---ER---PARDON ME FOR A MOMENT, PLEASE!

BILLY!... GASP... FLASH BULLETIN--- IT'S HORRIBLE!

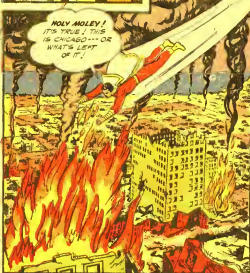
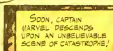
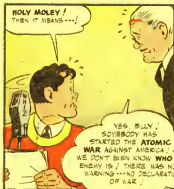
BILLY READS THE BULLETIN OFF, HARDLY REALIZING WHAT THE WORDS MEAN.

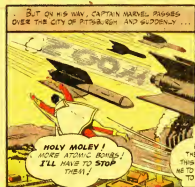
WE'VE HAD FLASHES BEFORE / WONDER WHY MR. MORRIS IS SO EXCITED!

FLASH! THE CITY OF CHICAGO WAS JUST DESTROYED FIVE MINUTES AGO BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION! IT WAS THOUGHT TO BE AN ATOMIC BOMB!

WHAT? ---CHICAGO DESTROYED? --- ATOMIC BOMB? --- HOLY MOLLY!

THE DREADFUL MESSAGE SUDDENLY HITS BILLY WITH ITS FULL IMPACT!





AND CAPTAIN MARVEL
WITNESSES THE GRASTLY
SIGHT OF AN ATOMIC BOY'S
BLASTING A WHOLE CITY
TO SHREDS /

NO---NO! IF THIS WERE ONLY
SOME NIGHTMARE! IF I
COULD ONLY WAKE UP AND FIND
OUT IT WAS ALL A DREAM....!

KA-BOOM!

BUT IT IS NO NIGHTMARE, AND NOW,
FOLLOWING UP THE FIRST BOMB, A
HYDROUS FLOCK OF THEM ARRIVE OVER
AMERICA, EACH GUIDED BY REMOTE-
CONTROL TO ITS TARGET-CITY /

AND WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL ARRIVES AT STATION WHIZ.

1000 BULLETS, AMERICA
IS BEING WIPE OUT, CITY BY
CITY! WASHINGTON---SAN
FRANCISCO---DENVER---DETROIT---
ALL GONE! WIPE OUT!

H-HOLY M-MOLEY!
THEN THIS CITY IS
IN DANGER TOO!

FOLKS! EVACUATE THE CITY!
AT ANY MOMENT AN ATOMIC
BOMB MAY LAND HERE!
HURRY---OUT OF THE
CITY---HURRY!



BUT THE PRANTIC
WARNING IS TOO LATE
FOR AT THAT MOMENT.

GHHNN!

GHHNN!

BAROOM

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL,
THOUGH ALIVE, IS HURLED UP BY THE
TREMENDOUS CONCUSSION!

G-GULP!



THIS IS ALL---THAT
REMAINS---GULP---OF
STATION WHIZ!



IT IS A FORLORN, HEART-SICK
CAPTAIN MARVEL WHO LATER PICKS
HIS WAY THROUGH THE ATOMIZED
RUINS!

NOT A SOUL ALIVE! MR. MORRIS---
MY OLD FRIEND---GULP! ALL OF
BILLY'S FRIENDS---DEAD AND GONE!



BUT WHO IS DOING THIS? WHAT
HEARTLESS MONSTERS
STARTED THIS ATOMIC WAR?
WHERE ARE THE BOMBS
COMING FROM? WHY DOESN'T
AMERICA RETALIATE?





THAT'S WHAT WE NEED YOU FOR, CAPTAIN MARVEL! I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER LOCATE YOU!

NO! OUR RECONNAISSANCE PLANES HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO SEE WHICH DIRECTION THE BOMBS COME FROM, BECAUSE OF THEIR TERRIFIC SPEED! YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE, CAPTAIN MARVEL! WE SUSPECT THEY COME FROM THE NORTH, OVER THE NORTH POLE, BUT WE HAVE TO BE SURE! CAN YOU HELP US?



I'M GENERAL TONKINS, OF THE AMERICAN GENERAL STAFF! WE HAVE ATOMIC BOMBS TOO, READY TO GO--- BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SEND THEM!

WE DON'T KNOW WHO OUR ENEMY IS, EH?

I'M ON MY WAY, SIR!

IF YOU FIGURE IT OUT, REPORT TO US BY THIS RADIO! USE CODE LETTERS ZQZ, AND WE'LL PICK IT UP! THE FATE OF AMERICA DEPENDS ON YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



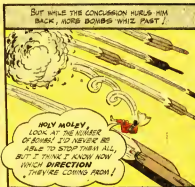
GRIEVOUSLY, CAPTAIN MARVEL HEADS NORTH AND FINALLY....!

AN ATOMIC BOMB, COMING STRAIGHT AT ME!



HERE'S ONE BOMB THAT WILL NEVER REACH ITS TARGET!

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL FEARLESSLY EXPLODES THE MIGHTY PROJECTILE IN MID-AIR!



BUT WHILE THE CONCUSSION HURLS HIM BACK, MORE BOMBS WHIZ PAST!

HOLY MOLEY, LOOK AT THE NUMBER OF BOMBS! I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP THEM ALL, BUT I THINK I KNOW NOW WHICH DIRECTION THEY'RE COMING FROM!

HIS KEEN MIND WORKING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, CAPTAIN MARVEL MENTALLY CALCULATES THE SOURCE OF THE BOMBS!

WHY, THOSE DIRTY....! BUT NO TIME TO WASTE! I'VE GOT TO CONTACT THE GENERAL STAFF! THERE'S A WEATHER-STATION DOWN HERE, WITH A RADIO!



CALLING ZZZ!
CALLING ZZZ! CAPTAIN MARVEL REPORTING ENEMY WHO IS SENDING ATOMIC BOMBS!
CALLING ZZZ....



ZZZ
ANSWERING!
YES, CAPTAIN MARVEL,
COME IN!

DEEP IN AN UNDERGROUND HEAD-QUARTERS, THE AMERICAN GENERAL STAFF RECEIVES THE VITAL INFORMATION FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL!

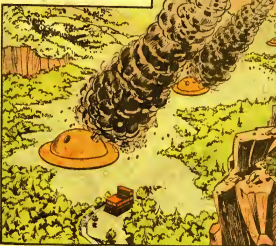
WE KNOW OUR ENEMY, GENTLEMEN! AMERICA WILL NOW RETALIATE, WITH ITS OWN ATOMIC BOMBS! AMERICA IS HALF DESTROYED, BUT WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!



ATTENTION, ATOMIC BOMB STATIONS!
RANGE 14 ZERO, SECTOR 8 Y BETWEEN LIMITS 21 AND 88 DEGREES! AIM FOR ENEMY CITIES!...READY?...
FIRE!



AND AMERICA AT LAST FIGHTS BACK, AGAINST THE CONWARDLY ENEMY WHO STRUCK BRUTALLY, WITHOUT WARNING!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN MARVEL IS ON HIS WAY OVER THE NORTH POLE!

I'M GOING TO VISIT THE ENEMY COUNTRY AND SEE IF I CAN DO ANYTHING AGAINST THEM!



LATER...

HERE'S AN ENEMY LAUNCHING
BASE! BUT HOLY MOLEY, THEY'RE
SENDING ATOMIC BOMBS IN **EVERY**
DIRECTION! THAT MEANS
THEY'RE TRYING TO BLAST
THE **WHOLE WORLD**
INTO SUBMISSION!



YOU BLACKHEARTED WESTERNERS! TRYING
TO CONQUER THE WORLD, EH? YOU
HOPE TO DO IT IN ONE LIGHTNING
OVERNIGHT ATTACK!

YIP! WHAT
IS THIS ---
AN ATOMIC
BOMB FROM
AMERICA?



NO BUT HERE'S ONE FROM
AMERICA! NOW YOU'RE GOING
TO GET BACK JUST WHAT YOU
DISHED OUT---AND MORE
OF IT!



I'M GOING TO VISIT SOME OTHER
COUNTRIES AND SEE IF THEY
GOT IT AS BAD AS AMERICA DID
IN THE FIRST FEW HOURS!



BUT WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL
REACHES ANOTHER COUNTRY...



HOLY MOLEY!
THIS CITY WAS BLOWN
UP BY A BOMB THAT
DID NOT COME FROM
THE ENEMY! IT CAME FROM
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!
WHAT GOES ON?

CAPTAIN MARVEL DOES NOT
KNOW THAT DEEP IN UNDER-
GROUND HEADQUARTERS,
IN MANY COUNTRIES,
CONFUSION PREVAILS AS TO
WHO THE ENEMY IS!

OUR TRADITIONAL ENEMY HAS
ALWAYS BEEN TO THE SOUTH!
WE WILL BE WIPED OUT
UNLESS WE RETALIATE
QUICKLY!

THEN SEND
ATOMIC BOMBS
TO THE SOUTH!



AND IN ANOTHER COUNTRY.....

SOMEBODY STARTED AN ATOMIC WAR / WE DON'T CARE WHO / BUT THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO NOW WIP OUT OUR AGE-OLD ENEMY TO THE WEST / LAUNCH AN ATOMIC WAR ON THEM!



AND SO, AS GREED, CONFUSION AND MADNESS SWEEP THROUGH THE WORLD, ALL NATIONS RELEASE THEIR ATOMIC BOMBS AT EACH OTHER / AND BY NIGHTFALL, THE DREAD TRUTH COMES TO CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HOLY MOLEY! THE ATOMIC BOMBS ARE GETTING THICKER AND THICKER! EVERY COUNTRY IS SENDING THEM... EVERYWHERE! STOP, YOU FOOLS... STOP--!



THE WORLD HAS GONE MAD / ON THE POOR BLIND FOOLS / THIS CAN ONLY END IN ONE WAY / IS IT THE SAME ALL OVER THE WHOLE EARTH?



CIRCLING THE WORLD, CAPTAIN MARVEL'S BLOOD FREEZES IN HIS VEINS!

HERE TOO! GROAN! THE ATOMIC BOMBS ARE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE, AND HITTING EVERYWHERE!



THIS IS HORRIBLE! AND I CAN'T STOP IT! BY NOW EVERY MAJOR CITY ON EARTH IS BOMBED! AND LATER, THE RADIOACTIVE RAYS WILL SPREAD OUT, LIKE A CREEPING PLAGUE AND.... GROAN!



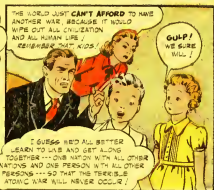
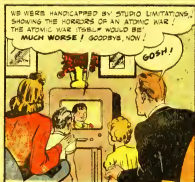
TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, AN OMINOUS QUIET COMES OVER THE WORLD!

I HAVEN'T HEARD A SINGLE BLAST IN AN HOUR / HOW DID AMERICA COME OUT? I KNOW ALL THE CITIES ARE GONE, BUT HOW ABOUT THIS FARMHOUSE?



DEAD! ALL DEAD --- EVEN THE ANIMALS! RADIOACTIVE RAYS CAME EVEN OUT TO THE REMOTEST FARMS AND VILLAGES!





ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



WESTERN STAR MONTE HALE SAYS:

STRAIGHT SHOOTIN', PARD! RC DOES TASTE BEST!

Monte Hale, hard-riding cowboy star, tried leading colas in paper cups and picked Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. Try it yourself! Say, "RC for me!" That's the sure way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.

See Monte Hale in
"HOME ON THE RANGE"

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Served by bottle or glass

Exotic Magnifying Westerns



I JUST WANTED
TO BE SURE



THE ROCKNE TROPHY WAS REDEEMABLE IN 1940 WITH 3 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS OR THE OUTSTANDING 10 YEAR COACHING RECORD. **BIERMAN LAID DOUBLE CLAIM TO THE AWARD--** WITH 4 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AND A RECORD UN-EQUALLED IN MODERN FOOTBALL HISTORY



NATURALLY WE'LL START WITH WHEATIES

"I'M IN FAVOR OF A BIG BREAKFAST FOR MY BOYS," SAYS BERNIE BIERMAN. I WANT TO SEE THEM GET LOTS OF SOLID NOURISHMENT--INCLUDING THAT WELL KNOWN "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." THOSE TOASTED WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT MAKE A CHAMPION TRAINING DISH"

I'M AIMING
AT ANOTHER
CHAMPION

FROM 1931 TO 1940 BIERMAN'S TEAMS CHALKED UP 6 UNDEFEATED SEASONS, 6 BIG TEN CHAMPIONSHIPS, AND A STRING OF 28 DEFEATLESS GAMES. QUITE A MARK FOR THE 1950 TROPHY CONTENDERS TO SHOOT AT



Bernie BIERMAN

CHAMPION COACH OF MINNESOTA'S GOLDEN GOPHERS AND WINNER OF THE ROCKNE MEMORIAL TROPHY

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS? "FUNDAMENTALS!" SAYS BERNIE BIERMAN. "THERE'S NOTHING VERY SECRET ABOUT BLOCKING, TACKLING, AND HARD-CHARGING." BUT ALL THE SECRETS OF FUNDAMENTAL FOOTBALL ARE WRAPPED UP IN BIERMAN'S BOOK, "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?" YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE TELLS YOU HOW TO GET YOUR COPY

ALL THE SECRETS
ARE IN HERE



CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES PRESENTS
THAT THRILLING SERIAL

THE CULT OF THE CURSE

STARRING

CAPTAIN MARVEL

CHAPTER SIX

The BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!

CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS SAVED THE WRECKED YACHT,
AND WHEN THE STORM IS OVER, HE SETS THE MEN TO
WORK, REPAIRING IT!

IT'S REPAIRED! NOW EVERYBODY
GET ABOARD AND I'LL
GIVE YOU A SEND-OFF!

YOU CAN MANAGE TO SAIL THE
YACHT / HEAD FOR HOME!
GOODBYE!

THANKS,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

AS FOR ME, I'VE GOT TO TRACK
OGGAR / NO! HE LEFT HIS HOOV-
PRINTS IN THE SAND / I CAN
TRAIL HIM INTO THE
JUNGLE!

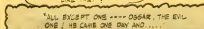
BUT LATER...

DOGGONE! THE TRAIL
PETERED OUT! BUT
I THINK I SEE A
CABIN AHEAD!

WHAT IS THIS --- A FEMALE
HERMIT? BR---MADAM---
DID YOU SEE ANYONE
PASS HERE?

EEK! A MAN!
EEEEEEEE!

HOLY
MOLEY!
CALM DOWN
MADAM, I'M
NOT GOING TO
HURT YOU!



"BUT I WAS WRONG / YEARS PASSED BY, AND ONE DAY WHEN I LOOKED IN MY MIRROR . . ."

WRINKLES! I AM GETTING OLD / YET I STILL FEEL LIKE A YOUNG GIRL!

"AND SOON I KNEW THE HORRIBLE TRUTH!"

I'M 200 YEARS OLD NOW / MY BEAUTY IS GONE / I'M AN OLD WITHERED HAG, BUT I CAN'T DIE! OGGAR GAVE ME IMMORTAL LIFE! I MUST GO ON LIVING, UGLY AND SHUNNED!

I MUST HAVE REVENGE AGAINST ALL MEN, FOR WHAT OGGAR DID TO ME! HEE, HEE, I'LL STUDY WITCHCRAFT! I'LL LEARN HOW TO TURN MEN INTO ANIMALS, WHICH THEY ARE, THE BEASTS!

UGH! WHAT AN UGLY OLD HAG!

MEN TURN AWAY FROM ME! I HATE ALL MEN!

WITCHCRAFT

NOW YOU'VE HEARD MY STORY / NOW YOU KNOW WHY I HATE ALL MEN! AND WHEN I SEE MEN, I TURN THEM INTO ANIMALS! I'LL TURN YOU INTO A CENTAUR, WITH MY MAGIC WAND!

WHY? WAIT...

HEE, HEE, HEE! THAT IS MY REVENGE AGAINST ALL MEN!

HOLY MOLEY! I'VE GOT A HORSE'S BODY! THIS IS AWFUL! BUT WAIT--- I THINK I CAN GET OUT OF THIS BY CHANGING TO BILLY--- SHAZAM!

ANOTHER KIND OF MAGIC WORKS, CHANGING CAPTAIN MARVEL BACK TO BILLY BATSON!

VA-BOOM!

THANK HEAVEN! I'M HUMANAL! I HOPE THE WITCH DOESN'T HATE BOYS TOO, AS WELL AS MEN!

I DO! MY MAGIC WAND WILL CHANGE YOU INTO A BILLY-GOAT!

A TERRIBLE CHANGE COMES OVER BILLY!

HEE, HEE, HEE!

BAAAA!

HOLY MOLEY!
I CAN'T EVEN
SPEAK AND SAY
SHAZAM!



NOW GO AND SCAMPERE AROUND
THE ISLAND / YOU WILL NEVER
AGAIN CHANGE BACK TO A
BOY! HES, HES, HES!

BAAA!



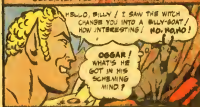
THIS IS THE WORST TRAP I'VE
EVER BEEN IN / IF I STAY A
GOAT ALL MY LIFE, IT MEANS
THE END OF THE CAREER OF
BILLY BATSON / AND CAPTAIN
MARVEL / GULP!



BUT WORSE IS YET TO COME FOR THE POOR
BETWITCHED BOY, FOR WICKED OSSAR HAS
OBSERVED ALL THIS FROM HIDING!

HELLO, BILLY / I SAW THE WITCH
CHANGE YOU INTO A BILLY-GOAT /
HOW INTERESTING! NO, NO, NO!

OSSAR!
WHAT'S HE
GOT IN HIS
SCHEMING
MIND?



THE DREAD ANSWER COMES ALL TOO SOON!

I'M GOING TO
HUNT YOU, BILLY!
HUNT YOU DOWN LIKE
A WILD ANIMAL! /
MAGIC SPEAR...
APPEAR IN
MY HAND!



RUN! BILLY! HURRY!
NOW HERE COMES
THE SPEAR!
NO, NO, NO!

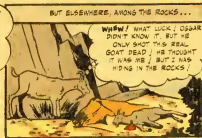
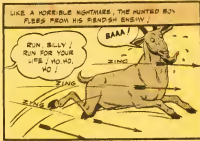


HOLY MOLEY!
IT ONLY MISSED
ME BY INCHES!



OH, YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME
BY JUMPING FROM ROCK TO
ROCK / YOU FORGET I HAVE
GOAT'S FEET TOO! AND
NOW I'LL SHOOT AT
YOU WITH AN ARROW!









BEFORE OSSAR CAN TURN AWAY....

REVENGE ---
AT LAST / TURN
INTO A WILD
BOAR !



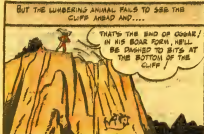
NOW TO CAPTURE
THE WILD BOAR !

I'LL RUN
FOR IT !



BUT THE LUMBERING ANIMAL FAILS TO SEE THE
CLIFF AHEAD AND....

THAT'S THE END OF OSSAR !
IN HIS BOAR FORM, HE'LL
BE DASHED TO BITS AT
THE BOTTOM OF THE
CLIFF !



NOW TO THANK THE
WITCH, FOR SAVING THE
WORLD FROM UNTOLD
EVIL ! IF SHE
THREATENS ME, I'LL
FLASH AWAY...HUN ?
WHERE IS SHE ?



A SKELETON ! SHE'S DEAD !
I SUPPOSE THE MOMENT
OSSAR DIED, HIS EVIL CURSE
ON HER ENDED TOO ! IT'S
BETTER THIS WAY ! LIFE
WAS JUST A CURSE TO HER !



AND TO THINK THAT WAS
OSSAR'S WEAKNESS ALL
THE TIME ---A WOMAN !
HE FOUGHT ME, THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MAN, TO A
STANDSTILL ! BUT ONE
WITHERED OLD HAG
BROUGHT HIM TO HIS
DOWNFALL !



WELL, FOLKS, THAT'S THE END OF OSSAR, THE
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST IMMORTAL ! FOR A
TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL THOUGHT HE
WOULD NEVER FIND HIS ONE
WEAKNESS AND DESTROY
HIM, BUT ALL'S WELL
THAT ENDS WELL !

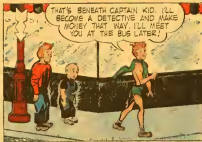
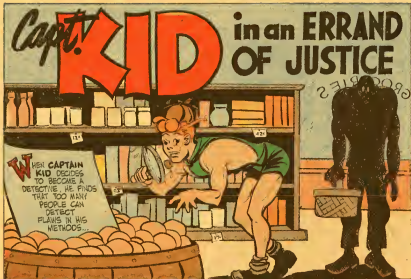


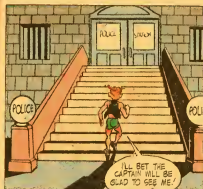
DID YOU LIKE THIS SERIAL?

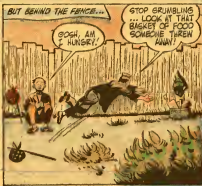
PANE, WE WANT YOU TO GET THE MOST POSSIBLE EN-
JOYMENT OUT OF THIS MAGAZINE. AFTER ALL, IT'S
MADE FOR YOU. BUT TO DO THAT WE'D LIKE TO
KNOW WHAT YOU THINK. SO WOULD YOU DO US A
LITTLE FAVOR? PLEASE GIVE YOUR ANSWERS TO
THE QUESTIONS BELOW, PASTE THIS PANEL ON A
PENNY POSTCARD AND MAIL IT TO US AT
1801 BROADWAY, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

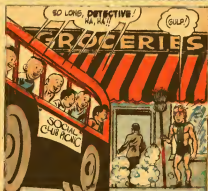
THANK YOU,
THE EDITORS.

DID YOU LIKE THE STORES ABOUT OSSAR? ☐ YES ☐ NO
WOULD YOU LIKE TO READ ANOTHER SERIAL? ☐ YES ☐ NO









"FANS, JUST WHAT YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!"

Here are items every Kid who reads my comics will want. I have examined and approved every one of them."

CAPT. MARVEL FET HAT

A dandy "sub-style" hat, made of strong, solid-colored felt with pictures of CAPTAIN MARVEL and his magic word "SHAZAM!" printed on it. It's not a toy hat it's real, grade-quality hat. Can be worn by both boys and girls. Price per hat 25¢.

FET HAT SPECIAL! We will send you 10 different buttons on which are printed 10 different captions such as: "I'm a hero," "I'm a star," "I'm a champion," etc. for further decorating your hat. For only 10¢. Buttons can be purchased separately if desired.

MARVELS' STATIONERY

Get stationery decorated with your favorite comic heroes to write to your friends and pals. They will get a bang out of it. Everybody loves the heroes of the comics, especially the MARVELS and you'll agree that they really look great on this swell stationery. Big 7 x 9 inch, hand-drawn illustrations from CAPTAIN MARVEL, BARRY MARVEL and HOPPY THE MARVEL HUNNY. Order several boxes—they'll make dandy gifts and birthday presents. Use coupons below to order your choice. Price each box 50¢.

CAPTAIN MARVEL STATUETTE

You can now get a small CAPTAIN MARVEL to adorn your desk, dresser, den or club. Approx. 4 inches in height, made of the same red and yellow colors of your favorite hero and is decorated in the same red and yellow colors. A real beauty that you will be proud to have your friends admire. Price 10¢.

MARVELS' GLOW PICTURES

Enjoy new bedtime pleasures. Know the thrill of having CAPTAIN MARVEL watch over you when you sleep. The new MARVELS' Glow Pictures are the most exciting things you can. Large 8 x 10 inch pictures that actually glow in the dark. Just turn on the light and there in the darkness—shining as brightly as a new dollar—is your favorite comic hero, watching you slip into slumberland. It's a real picture, made up in full color, that will look mighty good at all times. Four numbers to choose from—CAPTAIN MARVEL, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR., BARRY MARVEL and HOPPY THE MARVEL HUNNY. Excellent for gifts. Order your choice below. Price 25¢ each.

USE HANDY COUPON (Sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc.)
49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. Dept. M-20L
for which please send me the items checked below.

Enclosed \$

CAPTAIN MARVEL GLOW PICTURE	at 25¢
BARRY MARVEL GLOW PICTURE	at 25¢
HOPPY THE MARVEL HUNNY GLOW PICTURE	at 25¢
CAPTAIN MARVEL FET HAT	at 25¢
CAPTAIN MARVEL STATIONERY	at 50¢
BARRY MARVEL STATIONERY	at 50¢
HOPPY THE MARVEL HUNNY STATIONERY	at 50¢
PACK OF 10 COMIC CHARACTER BUTTONS	at 10¢

Name

Street

City

State

WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE JR.

• WHITTLES
DE LUXE •



HERE, SON, I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW TO WHITTLE
THE RIGHT WAY!

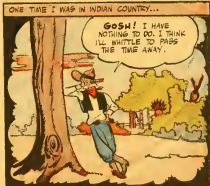


DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE AN EXPERT
WHITTLES, TOO?

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF
MY MOUTH, BOY. GIVE ME THAT
KNIFE AND I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW!



YOU'VE HEARD OF INDIAN TOTEM POLES.
WELL, IT WAS FROM ME THAT THEY
GOT THEIR IDEA!



ONE TIME I WAS IN INDIAN COUNTRY...

GOSH! I HAVE
NOTHING TO DO. I THINK
I'LL WHITTLE TO PASS
THE TIME AWAY.

THE TREE WAS THE NEAREST OBJECT...

I MIGHT AS WELL WHITTLE THIS TREE!



INDIANS SOON GATHERED AROUND!

LOOK! WHITE MAN
CARVE GREAT FACES
IN TREE!AND IN NO TIME I HAD WHITTLED
THE WHOLE TREE!THIS WORK OF ART! SO GREAT
WE TOTE 'EM POLE
BACK WITH US!

UGH!

AND THAT'S HOW THE
INDIANS GOT THE
NAME TOTEM
POLE!YOU OUGHT TO
BE POLE-AXED
FOR TELLING
A TALL TALE
LIKE THAT!I'LL WRITE DOWN THE
INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW
TO WHITTLE AS SOON AS
I SHARPEN THIS
PENCIL!OUCH!
GET THE
DOCTOR!
I'VE CUT
MY FINGER!HA, HA! AND YOU'RE
THE GREATEST WHITTLES!
I'LL SET YOU COULDN'T
CARVE YOUR NAME
IN THE SAND!

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE



SNAKES ALIVE
...WHAT A WHOPPING
PIECE YOU GET FOR
A PENNY!

I CAN'T BEAR
TO BE WITHOUT
DUBBLE BUBBLE
... IT'S SO
GOOD!

YOU OTTER
TRY FLEER'S
CANDY COATED
GUM, TOO!

IT'S GETTING
LATE... I MOOSE
GO HOME NOW!

YOU AIN'T LION!
AND EVERY PIECE
IS WRAPPED IN
FUNNIES!

OH, DEER,
YOU BOAR ME
WITH SUCH
PUNNY TALK!

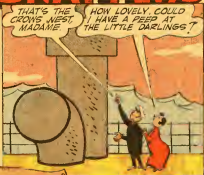
I GOPHER
DUBBLE BUBBLE
BECAUSE IT
MAKES BIGGER
BUBBLES!

HEY SKINNY,
YOUR PANTHER
FALLING DOWN!



IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

WHIPPERSNAPPERS



OCEAN VOYAGE



HEY GANG!

LOOK — A CAPTAIN MARVEL SWEATSHIRT FOR BOYS & GIRLS!

Just like the funnies, he's in his magic red suit...on sweatshirts of white, blue, yellow, and green, in sizes 4 to 16. They're really super! And like the Marvel Man's clothing, they're tough — and made for action! Join the gang that's wearing 'em. Have the folks get you a Captain Marvel sweatshirt today.

THEY'RE
ON SALE AT
MOST DEPARTMENT
STORES AND
CHAIN
STORES

SELL FOR ABOUT

\$1.00

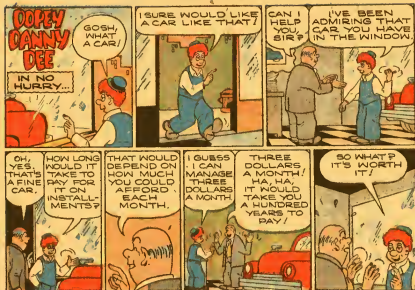
IF YOU CAN'T FIND IT,
WRITE TO:

**GARDINER-WARRING
COMPANY**

93 Worth Street

New York, N. Y.





THE MIGHTIEST OF THEM ALL!

THAT'S THE

Capt. Marvel Club!

GET IN THE FUN WITH THE REST OF THE MEMBERS!
SIT DOWN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

HERE'S WHAT IT WILL BRING YOU:

CAPT. MARVEL MAGIC
MEMBERSHIP CARD WITH THE
SECRET CODE!



CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SECRET CODE

OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON!

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

SECRET

CAPTAIN MARVEL

21 West Park Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the exciting Captain Marvel Club. I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD which contains the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other surprises.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Please be sure that your design is filled in correctly so that your membership will not be held up!



ADVENTURE IN SPACE



THE masked badmen, robbing the stage-coach, turned in alarm at the sound of galloping hooves. Up came Pecos Pete, on his great horse Dasher, with both six-guns blazing. The bandits made the mistake, of trading shots with the famed Western hero, and in seconds were stretched flat on the sand. Laconically, Pecos Pete blew the smoke out of his guns, waved genially to the admiring stage-coach passengers, and thundered off, seeking more badmen. . . .

The reader of these deathless lines, Jon Jarl, snapped shut the book with an excited sigh. Those old Westerners, he pondered, certainly led a life of thrills and danger. No period in human history had been more colorful, more heroic.

Ah, but those days had been long ago. Let's see — about 400 years ago, to be exact. This was now the year 2261 A.D. Jon Jarl sighed. Here he was, living in the super-scientific and highly civilized days of the 23rd Century. The great and adventurous days of the Old West were buried in the dim past. He turned to his controls, correcting his course slightly. It wouldn't do to miss Mars on his routine patrol flight.

Jon Jarl was on his way to Mars, in a small, sleek space ship. He was Lieutenant Jon Jarl, of the Space Patrol, the police of 2261 A.D. It was his duty to cruise the space-lanes between Earth and

Mars, along the same routes followed by the giant space liners and cargo rockets. But the distance was great — some 45 million miles — and for long periods he merely set the robot pilot and relaxed in his seat. It was during such times that he read from his well-stocked little library of Western literature. Somehow, the mighty deeds of those old Western heroes satisfied him more than any present writings of his age.

Jon Jarl looked out at the bright stars peppering black space, and stiffened a bored yawn — for the signal light of his radio began blinking. Snapping on the switch, he froze to attention at the voice coming out in an urgent flood.

"SPACE freighter *America* calling! Attention, Space Patrol! Pirate ship waylaying us! Please answer, Space Patrol . . . !"

Gone was Lt. Jon Jarl's lazy boredom. "Lt. Jarl of Space Patrol answering," he barked into the mike. "What is your position?"

"Sun-line 8, 46 degrees, Fifth Sector," came back quickly, and thankfully. "Hurry—they are boarding us now! We carry a cargo of uranium! If they catch me sending out this signal . . . NO! . . ."

Jon Jarl quivered as the last yelled word was followed quickly by the vicious spat of a ray-gun. Then the radio went dead. Jon could

picture exactly what had happened — the pirates storming into the radio room and shooting down the operator in cold blood.

Grinding his teeth together, Jon moved his hands over his control board, setting course for the stricken ship. A thunder of rockets shoved his ship forward at mounting speed. It would take him almost an hour to reach the stated position. Would he be in time to stop the space marauders?

BUT an hour later, when the huge bulk of the freighter loomed before his windshield, he saw no sign of the pirate ship nearby. He signalled by radio and finally another voice answered, in tired flat tones.

"Pirates gone. Headed for the asteroids. Shot down four of our crew, and took all the uranium."

"Can you make it to port?" snapped Jon.

"Yes, we'll make it."

Lt. Jarl wasted no further time there. A blast of side rockets swung his tiny ship off at a tangent, toward the asteroids beyond Mars. If he put on speed, he might overhaul the pirate ship. Few rocket-ships of that time matched the powerful, thrumming Space Patrol craft. A moment later he picked up their faint rocket-tail, extending back through space like a luminous comet's tail, and with a grim smile, he pushed the engine to its last notch. He was af-

ter them like a relentless bulldog.

YET it took hours before Jarl caught up with the space buccaneers, and spotted them in his periscope. They were nearing the Asteroids, those tiny worlds circling between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. He must intercept them before they hid among those thousands of nameless planetoids. He estimated their gun-power as he plunged close. Looked like two Hausers, and one big ray cannon.

The Hausers spat forth suddenly. They had spotted him coming. Jarl only grinned as the electric-bolts hissed against his armored hull. No danger from them. But the Ray Cannon was a different proposition. As a livid red ray sprang from it and bathed his portside, Jarl hastened to fling his ship aside. If he allowed them to enter their ray on his ship for just one full second, it would burn him to a cinder.

Swinging wide, Jarl stretched his free hand to his own gun-control. He had multiple guns, all firing from one control. In broadsides, he could send out enough lethal rays to blast a mountain to bits. He pressed the trigger. . . .

But the pirates were watchful too. They swung aside, the broadside missing them. Then again their ray-cannon spoke, and though Jarl twisted and spun crazily, the red ray followed grimly.

He was outgunned. There was no question of it. The duel in space could only end in one way—with the Space Patrol ship blasted. Jarl could either fight it out to the bitter end—or slink away like a dog with its tail between its legs.

Or—there was a third possibility—Jarl could use his

wits. He decided on the latter. When the red ray next time swung for him, he touched the controls and made his ship do a crazy backward spin, tumbling end over end. As he hoped, the pirates took it for a killing shot. They zoomed away.

Turning out all his lights, Jarl carefully righted the ship and again followed them, but without trying to overtake them. This time he would shadow them, so to speak, to their headquarters. It must be somewhere in these asteroids.

Only minutes later, dodging among the tiny worldlets, the pirate craft slanted down to one rocky little world. Jarl did likewise, landing cautiously out of their sight. In his space suit, which furnished him his own air to breathe, he stepped forth, erect close behind a boulder, and observed the pirates unloading the stolen uranium.

One—two—three—four—five. That was all. Jarl breathed a little easier. There were only five pirates against him. It could have been worse. Curiously, at that moment, the thought came to him that these lawless men were the "badmen" of 2261 A.D. Quite as vicious and ruthless as the badmen of the ancient West.

THEY were caching the loot under a rock, in typical pirate fashion. Evidently they expected to dispose of it some other day, in the markets of the Solar system. Jarl waited until the five men had relaxed, and were sitting and laughing over their coup, no doubt. Now was the time. . . .

Jarl took full advantage of the sunlight which stabbed over his shoulder, as he strode out in full view. They were temporarily blinded, as they whipped out their ray-

pistols and fired wildly at him. Jarl fired with cold, emotionless precision. The months and months of target practice, which all Space Patrol men underwent, now proved itself. He dropped two men with two hip shots of his guns.

Then two more of the pirates attempted to dart behind a rock. Jarl got them. The remaining pirate, evidently the leader, now had a dead aim at Jarl. He was pressing the trigger with a devilish grin. Jarl had no time to whirl and beat him to the shot.

But the shot missed, nevertheless, for Jarl amazingly sprang straight up—a mighty leap of fifty feet. The asteroids had such weak gravities that such a leap was possible. And at the height of his leap, while the pirate leader was still thunderstruck, Jarl aimed down—and it was over.

Jarl stayed only long enough to send out a radio call to Space Patrol headquarters on Mars. "Lt. Jon Jarl reporting. Trailed pirates who robbed *America* to asteroids. Crew of five, deceased. Send cargo ship to pick up stolen loot. That is all."

SOME time later, back in his ship in space, Jon Jarl set the robot pilot and sat back, opening a book.

"Six guns blazing," he read, "Pecos Pete, the terror of Western badmen, strode among the bandits and shot them down with the cold precision of a man of iron nerves and eagle eye!"

"Yes sir," breathed Lt. Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol, "those old-time Westerners sure did lead an exciting life!" And there was no mockery in his eyes, only the dreamy look of a boy who reads of great heroes of the past.



Imagine!

A SALON TYPE
**COLD WAVE
PERMANENT**

*in 2 to 3 hours
at home*

It's Easy as Combing Your Hair!

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal too, for children's hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Girls, you can know the joy of *natural looking* curls and waves by tonight. Think of it, — with the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving Cold Wave curling up to \$15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: "Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home."

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SUPREME COLD WAVE

NEW ONLY

98¢

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Each kit contains everything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE.

● PRICE IN CANADA \$1.35 AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS. CANADIAN ADDRESS: PRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONE.

Captain MARVEL and the RETURN OF AUNT MINERVA!



DO YOU REMEMBER AUNT MINERVA? THE STRAIGHT SHOOTING, HARD WALLOPING QUEEN OF SANDSTEROOM IS BACK AGAIN, AND THIS TIME SHE HAS HER SIGHTS SET FOR A SIXTH HUSBAND! THE NAME OF THE UNHAPPY MAN IS CAPTAIN MARVEL...

IN THE PRISON CELL WHERE AUNT MINERVA... ER... LANGUISHES...

GIGHHA! MY HERO! HE'S SO STRONG AND BRAVE AND HANDSOME...



I'VE ONLY WRITTEN CAPTAIN MARVEL TEN LETTERS TODAY! I'LL WRITE AGAIN, BEFORE HE STARTS THINKING I'M NEGLECTING HIM...

HERE'S MAIL FOR YOU, MINERVA.



A LETTER
FROM
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

AT LAST! OH, HOW
MY POOR HEART FLUTTERS!
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT TENDER
WORDS HE HAS WRITTEN TO
HIS BELOVED ONE...

OH!

Dear Marv,
Please do
not send me
any more letters.
I am not interest-
ed in your propo-
sitions!
Capt. Marvel

WHAT
DIDS HE
SAY?

I COULDN'T
READ IT ALOUD!
AFTER ALL,
CAPTAIN MARVEL IS
SO ROMANTIC!

BUT I'LL READ YOU
A LITTLE OF IT! HE SAYS
HE CAN'T WAIT UNTIL
WE'RE MARRIED...

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
LET ME SEE
THAT LETTER!

UNCOUTH
KUPPIAN! DO
YOU DOUBT MY
WORD?

UGHNN!

POOR FELLOW! I
HOPE HE DOESN'T HAVE
A SKULL FRACTURE!
THOUGH IT WOULD
SERVE HIM
RIGHT...

IMAGINE THAT DAP
DOUBTING THAT
CAPTAIN MARVEL
IS IN LOVE WITH
ME! I'LL SHOW
HIM! I'LL GO TO
SEE CAPTAIN
MARVEL RIGHT
AWAY!

WHEN MINERVA MAKES UP HER MIND, PRISON BIRDS ARE NOT LIKELY TO GET IN THE WAY, SO IN A SHORT TIME, IN BILLY BATSON'S OFFICE...

I WANT TO SEE CAPTAIN MARVEL!

GULP! IT'S JUNT MINERVA / HOW DID SHE GET OUT OF PRISON?

YOU'RE HIS BEST FRIEND, AREN'T YOU? WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

SHE MUST HAVE ESCAPED! I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE! / THANK GOODNESS SHE DOESN'T KNOW CAPTAIN MARVEL AND I AM THE SAME PERSON.

WHY--ER--I'LL SEE WHETHER I CAN FIND HIM! BUT IT'S PRETTY LATE AT NIGHT FOR HIM TO BE AROUND! JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!

AFTER BILLY PUTS THROUGH A CALL TO THE POLICE...

I'M SORRY! CAPTAIN MARVEL IS BUSY AND CAN'T SEE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES! HE ASKED YOU TO WAIT!

OH, HE DID?

TELL HIM I WON'T WAIT FOR ANYONE! YOU UNDERSTAND?

TELL HIM MINERVA IS WAITING! HE'LL COME QUICKLY THEN!

LET GO! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!

DON'T TALK BACK TO ME, YOUNG MAN!

WAM!

SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL TEACH HER A LESSON...

SHAZAM!

WHEN BILLY BATSON CALLS OUT THE MAGIC WORD, LIGHTNING AND THUNDER ANSWER...

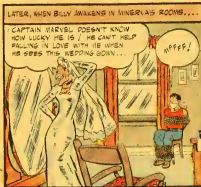
BAM!





CAPTAIN MARVEL









ML KZOH NIKSZRM NZIEVO SZHMZ
YXKLV Z HRHHS/GSRH RH QPHS Z
HXMY DILN LMY LV MVOG NLKSH
GLIRVH NIKSZRM NZIEVO MVEVI GSHSTG
YFSGVUOB XLOF VEV OVZV SRN LM
M VCKRGANT ZWEMGVFV YFG SV
JEPNV LFG WRUVUWIMGOS RM 'GSV
TIVZ YFSGVUOB XZHNH' WLM
NRH RS RM XZKZRM NZIEVO
ZWEMGVFV MNYVI HRCGB
HVEVM

EVERYBODY CHEER FOR BALL-BAND SPORT SHOES!

They're Tops for so Many Activities



GET BALL-BAND CANVAS SPORT SHOES TODAY!

*Look for the Red Ball on the Sole
and the Red Ball on the
Side of the Shoe*

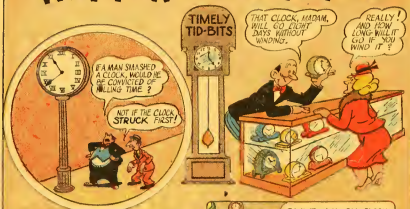


- NON-SLIPPING SOLES FOR
FASTER STARTING, QUICKER
STOPPING, SAFER FOOTWORK—
- BUILT TO HELP PROTECT THE
FEET AND BODY FROM SHOCK
AND JAR, LESSEN FATIGUE—
- GOOD LOOKING, LIGHT AND
COMFORTABLE, YET RUGGED TOO—
- SOLES WON'T MARK FLOORS—
- EASILY WASHABLE—

TRADE
MARK



WHIPPER - SNAPPERS



"Oh...this one we want!"

Snapshots are always fun to make . . .
fun to see . . . fun to share

You can stretch moments of fun into years by making snapshots. Your friends love to see pictures of themselves and people they know—and it's always fun to give them extra prints . . . share prints and you make a close friend closer.

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Has a nose for accuracy. One of the exciting cameras among famous Kodaks. Genuine Kodak Anastigmat lens for precise, sharp pictures. Sheets of album-size snaps. Costs less than you think. Supplies are limited, but more are on the way. See your Kodak dealer.

Kodak

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16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



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A really good Pen-size Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.



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"Nothing else like it!" Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order.

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Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of **ROY ROGERS** gun. Gun with sliding hammer and locking cylinder. Fires real cops. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



Roy Rogers
"King of the Cowboys"

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MORE PRIZES FOR YOU

When you buy Big Prize Sheet, **MECHANICAL TRAIN SET**, **BRACELETS**, **TABLE**, **OVERNIGHT BAG**, **POOL TABLE**, **ALARM CLOCK**, **POCKET WATCH**, **ARCHERY SET**.

OUR 28th YEAR

BOYS! GIRLS! Get small prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in the **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10¢ each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It's easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Sticks in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—sell us when prices you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
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Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____
or P. O. Box _____

City _____

State _____



NO. 66
OCTOBER

Captain Marvel

10¢



CAPTAIN MARVEL
Battles the Dread

ATOMIC WAR I

Published In The Interest of Parents . . . Present and Future Air Rifle Owners . . . The Public

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BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife, or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one... your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you... and Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT
RED RYDER CARBINE

MODEL
No. 271



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AIR RIFLES

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SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Constant bicycling may cause accidents! Always wear single file. Never "kick up" to cut or touch. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid auto. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalks. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "kick" on to blocks. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!